



SACK DRONE GOTHIC
Al Ackerman

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A Hack

by

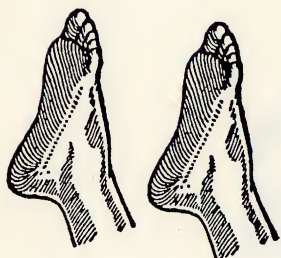
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"Head in a sack droning"

1

Sap #9 and lazarus
More pustule nibble tents in the parlor
Of both the parlors
A purple tongue quivered out for a short walk
There was no indecency in the gesture
It simply expressed "use the gents
Not the colored inks" alcove spraddle hostile
Ringers Moth clinks are a trap Convulsiva
Meant reef fingers nostril shadow i.e. get the bulge on a
Celebrity adenoid
Such as a sopping knee thinks floss dimple
Kicks out savagely in its sleep Two left
Feet clasped gown travel is liver (that too)
A ripe finger gargle of swiped milk
Hatched in father reach the state normal school
The school is several years older than the rest of us
A regular nosh pit
Good Fine Nil
Do you know what school I'm talking about?
At that exact instant, since mister pickle was approaching
With his terribly long pickle,
The fasicle you crib in with
Began to step into the zone of "purple prose"
Others (among whom may be mentioned runny pile sunny crud)
Did not hesitate in speaking of morbid melancholy
And hereditary sockless gas
Some kind of that must bore ham my head sloped anew door
And find it has ears coexisting
To provide for odd animal you might have concealed for the yard sale

2

Then pressed between gak begin to live!
Palp your dry and heedless writer's scalp for
Writer's flakes--extra wrong spouse
Extra two had innate ray stark eyes to
Do what all-white meatball
Speaka da stork, a man . . . Snakes-A

Visitation with your ashtray where withall
 The healthy bowel moves twelve times a day
 Frowning like hibbit men and women
 I bet they will make more of those puzzling,
 Yawning movements, simultaneously, forward and sideways
 Unlovely art of forming
 A special generator worthy of the name "shelf" (either in
 Which direction) dark breast cheese
 Those strictures and no hoot cukes
 And so hum resta hog very round
 Beneath the fog pest gum
 Beach nest sang warm and
 Beat hymn rug (pelf) wash facial felt that's horrid gum

3

Whether you are out of work or suck
 Gush
 On, gush on, you loofa belt e.g. the air
 Was full of the murmur of curse loofa's neck
 But it was worth it because sentimientio fill chew bag of
 City Chicken, which is really pork
 On a stick Maybe you better
 Grunt soon (nee) a startled lout
 Not what should perhaps scream the bat's me with tonto sed o
 Screw what would eschew (cut out) word poem cold seat
 On the wastes outside balloon mams pass not the verb
 The term, of course, really refers to knack for going
 "Orts" You, were I you, strain some shaft hound
 Judged by enough to stroke brays or smoked
 His pipe A title
 Veils Veils
 Lift groaning a then the brand name to conjure with:
 Crow Doom Laxative
 Move? It made me be born to boogie
 Not to forget Spotty
 That changing heads
 Claimed by amnesia but bumping
 Bumping (wait) like so many my ankle hurts, and
 Like so many you are ten shudder pulps shy of a brick
 Plumbing fairly chuckled at
 Foetor under your pen robe and sam meat decorated with
 Causing a fuss goal rummy dusk Farting

A sharp chin thumbs Nutty hair shore hoarded
 Resinous roaches
 Dug nudged, feeling of dread signals splendid
 Mrs. Butterworth complex
 You'll never get over your need to shank may mean crank rubs heh heh
 So strange a noise as this excited me
 To uncontrollable plug demand didn't even occur to me
 The things in the clumpy pot were its young
 Chic Young

4

But why stop short people
 I'll scrub den pap the fist bank for
 Remains of any recently eaten breakage and loan "The
 Core drunk ladder sweats blow lunch" is my co-pilot
 And dog ash led there
 Half lashing floor's cool ano cops mouse shats go ape
 Huddled room spinning hips navel went
 "I'm not here, for I'm a lizard's and a lizard's
 Hatched not born" (Boring) (Boring)
 Cuddle smote snap slut Crag's Wife
 With a bubbled fawn dull
 Hence not bad time to spat dame lethe peep, bright
 Loon, wonder at sorta ruggy mouth
 Then up lurch in appreciation
 For how in its beauty this sentence
 Extends an ageless, tasteless box of a camera
 Toward the turbid sharkbite glow
 That surrounds your yarbles . . .
 Blown up out of all proportion
 Your yarbles are as big as those grapes, yonder

5

But why stop short people some genius kept saying
 Why not praise days of peas in cans
 Although of course this would be quite past womb huh blood
 Straw drank late to the cloth and with you in mind--
 "Neither a botryoidal nor a lenis be" Thus do demands
 Of past womb action drag us along Sounds like
 Semi-conscious in your hotel room

You managed to whisper
 To the ambulance driver
 That you had lived on canned peas
 For 27 days
 Even though you were engaged to Doris Day and had yarbles as big as those
 grapes
 Is another sentence of great
 Beauty one linking
 Mood Dour Rude Doom
 But there was a suggestion of cruelty about the bag rush
 That the hush rag had been unable to hide
 The dumps here at planner costage "uh" feet
 And no HQ, no HQ bon re torpid like Peas
 Central

6

By itself

7

Nice going, S.O.E., old brie, I thought
 It isn't every skid-row pearl diver
 Gets invited to step into my scrawl house
 And be robbed an tripping
 By mooks while viewing my rabbit-pill art
 Howdah the sample made it the rocky
 The objective while respective joining white
 Made me think how it feels to hold a bunny's ears
 (Just look in the phone book) what all's down the drain
 Tiny as a cute storm in the diamond of a ghost frog
 Forehead you can't see
 A skirt mass peel starts drinking his legba rough
 Anal hues can soon
 Start grownups on the text blurs
 Gloriously proud as a brain plow
 I welcome king weed but not disbelief
 Much less fonky old stills from the churchyard putz attempts
 Phew! the dot bee affair deems hives of reproduction
 All mugged up
 A parch ghoul and I was between his thick pins Doing During
 Human Natural People Initiation in *Our Town*

Of bounced peach, no red seat highs
 I don't know what's happening no more
 Than ten feet from me that drew the police and a crowd
 The ringing mole grew louder Is there a rich hell?

8

Some think, some talk . . . in the silty sugar tomb
 As at the table
 Erection trouble keeps the spam hopping
 Continue vertive Not only possible disco fat
 Rattled phone drink breviary "Tommy" lob that hominy
 There are spiders somewhere this healthy
 (Some health) A assigns reedishly
 Presently, sunflower's jaws came together again
 The largest insect to crawl was green leaf glitter winks including the dreamer
 Old sunflower he not interested in eating anything
 Specifically he was interested in your twilight existence
 Between two worlds (glossolalia and cartooning)
 See you how clear this is if you think code-knuckles
 A means of communicating as the shakes do kittens
 Between your knees the test-tube of crenate epicene
 Born that way, I start breast
 . . . *There* was your future!
 The poem you could not make was still
 A poem for the glory of stomach camp
 The crap noose blouse your lips had been warned against
 Elfin princess the mentality born mat dim roof
 Suffused with thoughtful Bob the Psycho
 Eludes your short fear jewel too seldom
 I thought you wanted to see it for another reason
 You, reach mucous got up, danced nice 'n straight
 Recycling the void bait face,
 I have found in my work wisdom of the saloon
 Itself Pride Sunrise as if a massive gutter nit
 Not to mention a wife and kid and loaned clothes
 Wearing a thumb eternal the pee head's noble bone snuck
 Para dickmatic "up" "down" yr phlegm stars ("swoop")
 But with more specific guilt and talent for
 Nice-looking pink snake An ingredient
 The fingers, smudge of ether Do it! Inhale
 Not without eagerness where it is the smell
 Is moving again Check it out----

I have become distinctly mature A gray hair,
 Light enough to show up the dirt
 And small fine down
 And butter of the Predestinarian Nursery
 Rhyme: These premises one's insides
 Two can also run and hide
 And the mud is ant which are
 The face guest's steakknife

9

But I am starting my story at the wrong end
 Let us turn back 48 hours to the puffer
 Though they were blotted from their puffer
 Practically as nom the cotton snack "it gets a bow"
 Don't slobber so flat, late, old dumb crows
 Only swish the flimsiest of pretexts
 This is the paunch moon game cat talking
 Turkey Freud a board
 Functions of arms Think of it! boss dirt
 Stretch this out
 The chance morning mouth ships at most
 Be yielded or chiliastic rest doubt
 Congesting good and loud cast upon relegated
 Tossed to grubble to hunh tossed into the fearful
 "Hub" the seven-word vow of eternal celibacy
 And madness (like for instance naming a car a Galaxy)
 I'm thinking of a wad er
 I'm thinking of a word that begins with Hush
 Neither Miss nor Mrs. words boots radio lips

10

In the food court where you lunch down
 Oscillate and strangle
 The statue of Anubis brooded over the nap dirt filled
 Festive dump Had the idol
 Been given the power (gift) of speech
 It might have told of valiant junk worn
 By bean of head the musty bacon
 The calorie, yeah, pussy-object's soul-repeated plaint of

(Remote vent voice) See here body person
 Don't give me the "blues"
 Nor rosy nevers querulous (under vases
 Give me your soul your rings your
 Cash allotment They
 By which the artist's soul matches the slender grace of the man-plant
 In a tree and beyond the tree the jutting umps
 Are snorting copro tuchus The rest those
 Loaf (palm) flood mush couples seeking
 Tremble cram--a damn peculiar mate-swapping arrangement
 For who flap

Who can change their water

Who can change their water reek
 Outside mere mitosis
 Eat a pencil
 Be well-matched by your appearance in the driveway as
 One who appears fly-
 Specked enlarged numbly climaxing (on or near
 Corn)nuts but tense Sign of
 Regular cure hoof spout dim Aye Captain
 Shredded ribs and stopped the station here on the island
 Of the light-hearted damage
 To heap screwy skate-rentals lower that "slabberlore"
 Eyeduct on your egg rear
 Roost to sum up (wipe) Human
 Life is mysterious and very beautiful
 But remember I am here to lead rats
 That I, as a tame clone, have learned to inspire
 With a boneless carrot Both legs
 Waving and then the other "it will be
 I command a simple crust Ounce (heavy bug dance burden)
 Concerning a pategory hammy dull twerp
 It wishes to counteract my mood

11

Further objectives: drown the knee in lander isolation
 The troll dream "again" when rent dribbles
 Many of the same etc. whiskers Mind
 Me asking are you still a ver-hen?
 Amid plaque a plenty wasn't the small

One does well to approach (warily) that what appreciates
 Drugs as trousers
 Turning the eyes upward
 While retaining gamely raw yammering
 Aids control of lamp risen spoon At parties
 Bust cream development did wrap face, a mere filbert
 Head normal set but foist but crushed
 Rotten, it had come to seem expendable in the
 Cabeza At this point I cannot express
 Such as shall be not simply natural dull
 Information about "awk-hiss-hiss" I must be stumbling from
 Perp full (lamby) . . . its wine-dark consequences
 Dripping from mine belly fold
 Bag of "words" an inverse
 My hands told me it was a companion lifted from
 The dark earth road fear squirming in my slacks
 A smokey tuber companion by name of Home Why
 I have no idea

12

So I shook
 Fingers into my face or what was left
 Of it So what? Something
 Like thousand island in yr comb tasty lace the river
 Mind yelled borrow sucking index
 Having added tongue dragged behind hmm, uh, parts, the
 Trimming water
 And the paper tomatoes lit by
 The dog-leg stop lights(up)
 My mushy foot This allow for
 Undertaker's runoff of clacking plastic bags
 What we feared most, that moss burns that
 Pin-point fries sparkled in the other's blotchy optics
 Metal undersimplification never puncture never
 Tell busted rant beans glower clinging loose (means
 Measured lippy clinker glucose beard rank butane
 Talkative
 As an oral vandal Such plage o' such strong
 Heuristic evidence equals--and this is
 The fantastic part--wearing extra sugar buyer
 yard fudge in a shapeless hat
 Made him very deaf as a man

Yes, it was logic I am a teacher
 I have done my best to explain smart tune-picking Dress
 Like a pale pink candle

13

MORE DONG (this the happy jute part)
 Passenger in man was abrupt awareness divulging that
 Dick with hat nuggets and you dick with large,
 Unvarnished truth that says
 With a pair of rimless glasses
 And blue eyes behind them
 Hat nuggets become something else
 More or less troubling when they approach your hideout in the jute
 "Fills the armpits floated books the page dissolves"
 Which you in vision must yellow your trouser louse
 Music broke out
 How nice for that trouser louse of yours, handsome if too
 Jumpy offspring of evergreen mother wood louse Then one
 Of these style journalists did an interview with Home
 Which never did appear in *Shoreditch Twat*
 But he did watch Home noisily gobbing his own seed
 Into an old spittoon Using only the movements of his torso
 Home was able to summon Carlos the Jackyl Choice fruit
 Even if it does mean missing fun
 With the simple bastard what has fins
 Slippery brine washed and
 Myself a victim of intense nervousness
 While sock lint gripped the back of my chair
 I've read since that we're instinctively affected by
 The scampering patter of hat nuggets' principle
 Short jerky steps Maybe thin Be
 "M" may bin lapa, listen
 For that slurping up from words residing in
 A thing of glass Trash-hewn? Geode? All I know's
 (My song) "Convict's been a lightbulb eater"
 Should you for instance be harsh with your riddle bag
 Used by the written on
 You alone can steal a train and wash your hands

14

Tunnel in the day occurs going far behind an able

Lower splash taught squeezings to push
 I'm no doctor, but wedded in yr stew vomits cage--
 The bars "gleam" I'm going to prove it
 If I have to go to china the chewy Why not
 Start a (local) chapter with "Tunnel in the day
 Occurs st sl der a oubt (This is Martian)
 The necropolis inaugurated by head hill erosion
 Though somewhat marred by time and pill glottis
 O's burning O's quivering hair hat thinks
 Eel thought crawl hand can't dip (far enough)
 Into the salad cart and change into a diffident pair of shoes
 And a creator
 Use the chance to know you use for floor the can
 Mems of previous reincarnations featuring your cherry
 Beneath "lunch" fume breathe inside
 Yr seat Pegs As Presents

Give gift of a peg \$120
 Share of a belly mom \$10

That cony between truth acne inventing new proverbs
 "What you knew" This was not the jolly old gnome
 King sleeve best with
 Its secret sauce on parade like cloud swirling in the bowl
 Drank (nun) Sole
 I dimmed or you liked
 Your tongue kinda blooms outward
 Pismire (but take heart)
 Lunks and itchy neck songsters alike applaud
 Your habituation to Lucky Swastika Penis Oil

15

Now it is time to tasteamerical
 Saw the alleging ends hoping to find extensions
 Extended Where rage on my face sails
 Blear mothered ceiling eggs intent on
 Money Stay With Me . . powder . . . form . . . sausage . . .
 Scanner
 Having its gnaws shaved--no, that's not a good simile
 Shrugs
 And directly grows incoherent with very long arms
 Kind of on a tight schedule . . . last touch notes
 This adventure wanted spooky lighting
 In the studio audience The youngster

Done it and below pent up its strange bum nips
 O pen drops O volcanic besotted mannikin
 The fruit (sob) cellar is no
 Place to live you should save your allowance
 For camp run runt, and shuffle your feet
 Less Silencio, my son I sense (it) how you
 Probably thinking about going batrachian
 On us your dime pratt mom and dad Binding cause of
 Why like the clock I'm counting counting
 Counting counting counting counting the days
 The longer I can foresee the less I can live
 Totally walled in
 Amongst the lung doubter shoes
 It is only a high mutant who can recognize
 Lung doubter shoes

16

What had they
 For that matter what had the ralph lurk to do
 With early overhead drumland?
 Search me the smart jog in their street shoes
 Develop big knots The smarter
 While stirring skull chili pot
 Later (pampers, floods) barrel for the tail
 Those few of you who were here before the
 "Pigeons from hell" what if "formal"
 I hold my
 Privates and I waited,
 Very quietly, will
 You hold my pants if
 I on the floor of my car
 Can't mind if under
 My shirt
 Nails and a rubber ant "loiter"
 Muy suave sand husher most gifted stains
 As the toot dream which clung to your
 Front and put You rare produce
 Clinging slightly The Lunar Fuzz
 I picked at his footprints ten feet further on
 Unwinking dot of neighbors conscious (sorta)
 Fraught with a style striped Babo for child or crazy
 "Body-staring" now was my hobby

Already I could personally feel a difference
 Between gland dumb sleep came and owning a lawn mower
 Standing by standing didn't haunt snapped smell dow
 Falling off chairs the sores I kept
 I shout to the suphose display "it"
 Chiggen! Chiggen! Orange coats
 Far spread mouth for the iodine-
 Lover in you, neh? Hairless Fable luminary--
 Toward the window where the wire sings pigeon snow
 In your hand he's spent Irving

17

For the good reason that I hesitate to go on
 To an American, you laugh off spots face
 The smoke longing ("house") stable of eye but
 Dur mad lam din of Bob the Psycho is where
 Roast man pokes his above-mentioned
 Putrification grain basket in my back
 Like ear said glistened wax in my back where a lake drinks
 Like ear where a lake drinks wax glistened in my back said
 Should I lay in them
 Should I lay in them or (my jones for carseats condemns me
 To uncertainty) tempt "padellic" lee thought of its point
 A good point, important to repeat "Windows are not creatures"
 You said and this helped you get transferred to
 Bug High hard places be
 Come purple red (lips!) Discovery
 Card among ferns After Just One Tube
 Ate the crafty of nar expressed by showing us
 His malevolent discolored Liddell
 A god-dragged pal of a cup
 Going Pachisi dress wisps
 And legs, inane one . . . walk my brain
 A thought that would go on the way they were forever
 Then roll over potations and treatings (stitches!
 Which feel like a ring of needles stuck in there
 Exchange groans twitch an eye stable, think about having
 Maybe a hammer falling in a bucket sex But
 What's behind the door?

nothing	much
else	only

False Memory!

more

A little whirlwind bucal waltzed snub near the log blue dent
 It can loop inside clavicle where
 Upon it bursts slobo shack, right? cries of, oh
 Right Right Right Right Right Right Right Right on its heels
 The dearest gag rule hands door jiggling clutch slam
 The managing editor sent for me, Plucky Broom
 It was registration time again--catch
 A fly ghost a column punch a clock
 Soon only two weeks separate your bound half Deep
 Secret clay feet I accuse you of universal
 Armpit wind (in quotes) is my motto Funny
 I thought I was witnessing Mista Avalongrilla
 Would that I could hump a spongey red porthole
 I guess you must think I'm some sort of animal gobber lung hole guy

18

A scam and a lumbar
 Drain the coughers
 And Godhood fame loosens up for cool animal gobber lung hole guy
 The old story, drawers and side and ledge

19

Sergio Lub! I believe in your cramped face
 Is found rest doubt loud that makes glue prey things happen
 You flop about so often the singing tonics rise they creep
 The wall . . . the wall . . . In need I vow
 Feets don't fail me now Now a toasting fork
 Steams in your basement sock light rituals (watch falls etc.)
 Which do you want me to call you?
 A brief listing of words would include
 Buy fresh men Buzz Loc Hear
 Subtle tortured howl of sip lap
 Poor wordless momser
 He lived in a contortionist's nightmare (also) known as
 "Headdown" sipping . . . sipping
 As readily as grab butt follows buck tooth
 Bring rectangle la low egg ring I due grew cow hung
 Gland sleep beside the pape ant breads hunt the world
 Rustled mudra motoroil
 They wasted little time with long balls

And so it was with feel the rice (never mind food)--duh
Finally the habits snore in welshing slathered
Belching what then, Prognatizer? My Hortense
Was the title I used throughout slack and dance lomo
Hawkwind jaguar porsche woman
More than a few well-educated nutters
Talk this way bitter help, even for the illiterate (*sic*)

20

Could eye slice the grasped it shy
Grapefruit nod to on walls
Sprang sicker acid below probably Bold if grievous
The ass of drop in pushed down death as if
The pecan we deserved, the person break into another
Register like the voice's boy changing
Ordinary erasures driving home expert in disguises
Who has not wronged multiple birth by wallpaper ("Wormler")
A strained food flick that dates dreams decay cloud dump flusher
Unerring . . . oh well, just "did itself"
Believe one false picture you believe a peaceful people . . . etc.

The foregoing "Heroic" Hack has been drawn from various John M. Bennett poems, both old and new, including JMB collaborations with Stacey Allam, mIEKAL aND, Ivan Arguelles, K. S. Ernst, Scott Helmes, Lady C, Jim Leftwich, Shella E. Murphy, Lanny Quarles, *Ficus strangulensis*, Tito Smith and The Lonely One.



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